

# INHUMANATM

## JUDGMENT DAY

#1

EWING  
del MUNDO  
LIBRANDA  
VILLARRUBIA

MARVEL

**TEN MINUTES TO ARRIVAL.**  
THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON.

THE "DARK SIDE"  
IS A MISNOMER.

THERE IS LIGHT HERE, IN THE CENTER  
OF THE LEIBNITZ CRATER, GLINTING OFF  
THE CRAGS AND SPIRES OF NEW ARCTILAN.

LIGHT AND AIR. A POCKET ATMOSPHERE,  
CREATED WITH KREE TECHNOLOGY FROM  
ANOTHER UNIVERSE. A MIRROR TO THE  
ATMOSPHERIC POCKET BUILT BY THE  
SKRULLS ON THE LIGHT SIDE, EONS AGO.

THE ROYALS NOW  
LIVE IN THE GRAY  
AREA.

Marvel Comics presents

# JUDGMENT DAY

AL EWING writer MIKE DEL MUNDO artist, pages 4-7 & 14-26  
KEVIN LIBRANDA artist, with additional inks by MARC DEERING  
and with colors by JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA, pages 1-3, 8-13 & 27-30

VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer DANIEL ACUÑA cover artist MARCOS MARTÍN variant cover artist  
SARAH BRUNSTAD assoc. editor WIL MOSS editor TOM BREVOORT exec. editor C.B. CEBULSKI editor in chief  
JOE QUESADA chief creative officer DAN BUCKLEY president ALAN FINE exec. producer  
INHUMANS created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY special thanks to SALADIN AHMED

EIGHT MINUTES  
TO ARRIVAL.

THERE'S NOTHING  
PHYSICALLY WRONG  
WITH HIM...

FLINT.  
GEOKINETIC.

SERIOUSLY?  
THE CRYSTAL  
ARM?

CAPTAIN  
SWAIN.  
EMPATH.

I DON'T  
FULLY UNDERSTAND  
IT--BUT WITH MY POWERS,  
I'D KNOW IF IT WEREN'T  
MEANT TO BE THERE.  
AND IT IS.

AND DESPITE  
ALL THE EFFORT HE  
PUT INTO BUILDING THIS  
PLACE--FROM MOON  
ROCK AND HIS OWN  
BODY CRYSTAL--

--HE'S  
REMAINED IN  
EQUILIBRIUM. THE  
CRYSTAL'S NOT  
SPREADING  
ANYMORE.

FASCINATING.

HE'S  
LEARNING.  
GIVE IT TIME,  
THOUGH--ABOUT  
80 YEARS.

WHEN  
THE HUMAN  
BODY DIES...THE  
CRYSTAL TAKES  
OVER.

OF COURSE,  
BY THEN HE'S  
THE KING, SO WE ALL  
JUST GO ALONG  
WITH IT.

OR DO  
WE?

PANACEA.  
HEALER.

MAXIMUS.  
THE MAGE.



DOES THAT STILL HAPPEN? WE'RE ALREADY **CHANGING** THINGS.

TO **OBSERVE** THE FUTURE IS TO **ALTER** THE FUTURE...



...DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT **MAD**. NOT ANYMORE. REALLY.

PROBABLY NOT.



WELL, **SOMETHING'S** CHANGED. JUST **LOOKING** AT YOU... YOU ALL SEEM **SIGNIFICANTLY** ALTERED.

**FLINT'S** MUCH MORE POWERFUL. SO IS **SWAIN**--WE COMMUNED TELEPATHICALLY ACROSS **GALACTIC SPACE**--

I THOUGHT I **HALLUCINATED** THAT.

NO.



AND YOU. YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A HIGH LEVEL OF **MENTAL ACTIVITY**, MAXIMUS, BUT NOW...I'M HAVING TROUBLE FINDING THE **ANALOGY**...

I HAD A **CHEVY** IN THE BRAIN GARAGE. NOW IT'S A **FERRARI**.

THAT **FLIES**.



DON'T WORRY. I'M **STILL** A TERRIBLE PERSON.

YOU'RE AWARE OF HOW IT **HAPPENED**, OF COURSE? HOW WE ALL **GOT** HERE?

I'VE HEARD **SWAIN'S** VERSION. BUT TAKE ME THROUGH IT AGAIN--I'M CURIOUS ABOUT **YOURS**.



ALL RIGHT. FROM THE **VERY** TOP...

FIRST, THERE WAS **TERRIGEN**. NEITHER SCIENCE NOR MAGIC, BUT SOMETHING IN **BETWEEN**. SOLID **POETRY**, PERHAPS.

IT GAVE US OUR **POWERS**, OUR **CULTURE**, OUR VERY **IDENTITY**...SO NATURALLY, WE WERE FORCED TO **DESTROY** IT. BABY BIRDS, DESTROYING OUR **EGGSHELL**.

POETRY.

"AND TERRIGEN TOOK A POETIC REVENGE.

"THE EX-QUEEN, MEDUSA, LOST HER HAIR--HER GIFT--AND BEGAN TO LOSE HER LIFE.

"--THE PROGENITORS.

"SOME OF US WERE *CHANGED* BY THE QUEST. SOME OF US WERE *WOUNDED*...

"...ONE OF US *DIED*. GORGON STAYED *BEHIND*--AND SMASHED A *WORLD* UNDER HIS FEET TO BUY US *TIME*.

"BUT WE'D WON. WE'D STOLEN THE *GOLD* OF THE *GIANTS*. THE *FIRE* FROM HEAVEN. A NEW AND *PURER* SOURCE OF TERRIGEN--OF *GREATER* POWER, IF WE WISHED--WAS *OURS*.

"THE EX-KING, *BLACK BOLT*, WAS LOST--*EXILED* TO A *COSMIC PRISON*. ADMITTEDLY, I DID THAT. BUT HE'D HAVE DONE THE SAME TO *ME*.

"THEN WE LEARNED OF A *SECRET*--ONE THAT DROVE US ON A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE *STARS*, A *COSMIC PENANCE*.

"THE SECRET? THE EXISTENCE OF THE RACE THAT BOOSTED THE KREE FROM *NEANDERTHALS* TO *EMPIRE-BUILDERS*--THE *CREATORS* OF OUR *CREATORS*--

"*PRIMAGEN*. THE *PRIMA MATERIA*. THE *QUINTESSENCE*.

"THAT MUCH YOU *KNEW*..."



"...HERE'S WHAT YOU DIDN'T."

"WHEN I BREATHED THE PRIMAGEN IN--WHEN IT *SUPERCHARGED* MY BRAIN--I HAD A VISION."

"A MESSAGE FROM MY OWN FUTURE."

"WE THOUGHT WE'D *ANGERED* THE PROGENITORS. BUT THAT WAS *HUMAN* THINKING. ALL WE'D DONE WAS PROVE OURSELVES *WORTHY*..."

"...AS RAW MATERIAL."

"THEY'RE *COMING*. TO TURN *US* INTO *THEM*. TO MAKE NEW TYPES, NEW *CLASSES* OF PROGENITOR, FROM OUR HARVESTED *CORPSES*."

"AND IF THEY SET FOOT ON *EARTH*... IT'S THE START OF A *WAR* THAT LASTS *FIVE THOUSAND YEARS*. A WAR THAT DOESN'T *END* UNTIL *EARTH DIES*."

"THEY'RE THE *GODS OF OUR GODS*. THEY'RE AS FAR BEYOND *US* AS WE ARE BEYOND *CAVEMEN*."

"WE *CANNOT STOP* THE PROGENITORS FROM *DESTROYING US*..."

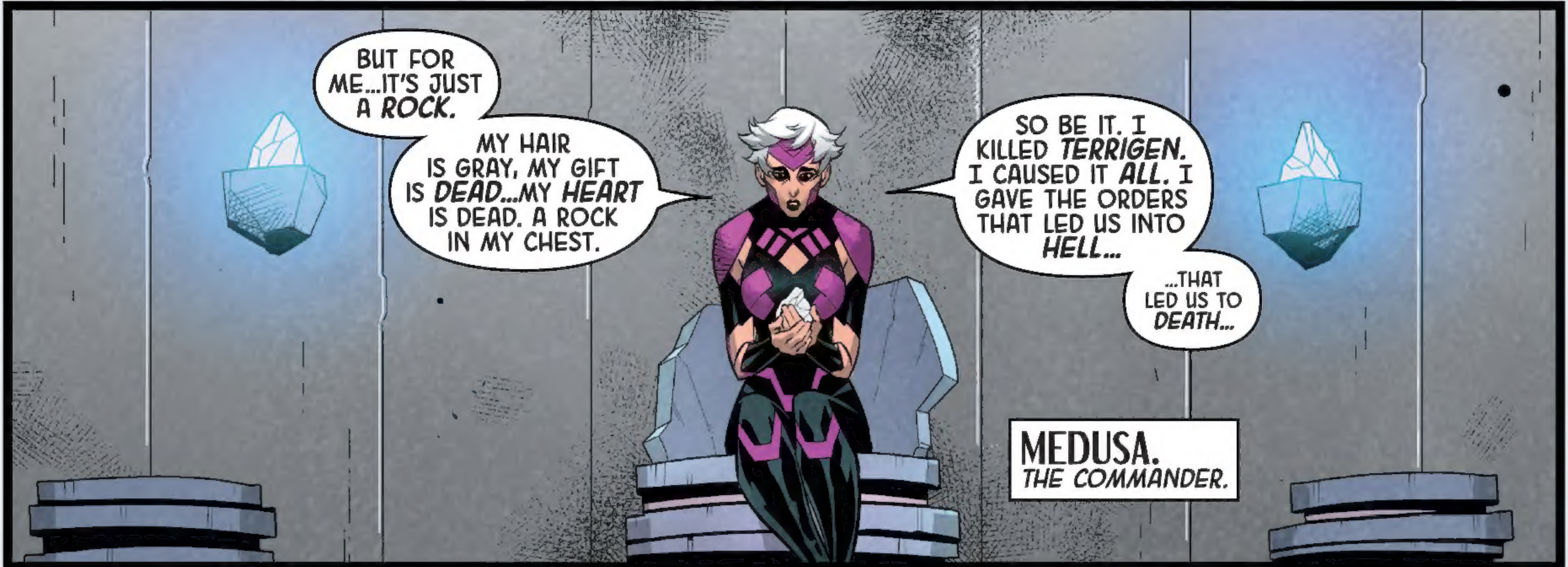




"...NOT IF WE FIGHT *FAIR*."

THREE MINUTES TO ARRIVAL.

PRIMAGEN.  
I REMEMBER  
HOPING IT COULD  
CURE ME.



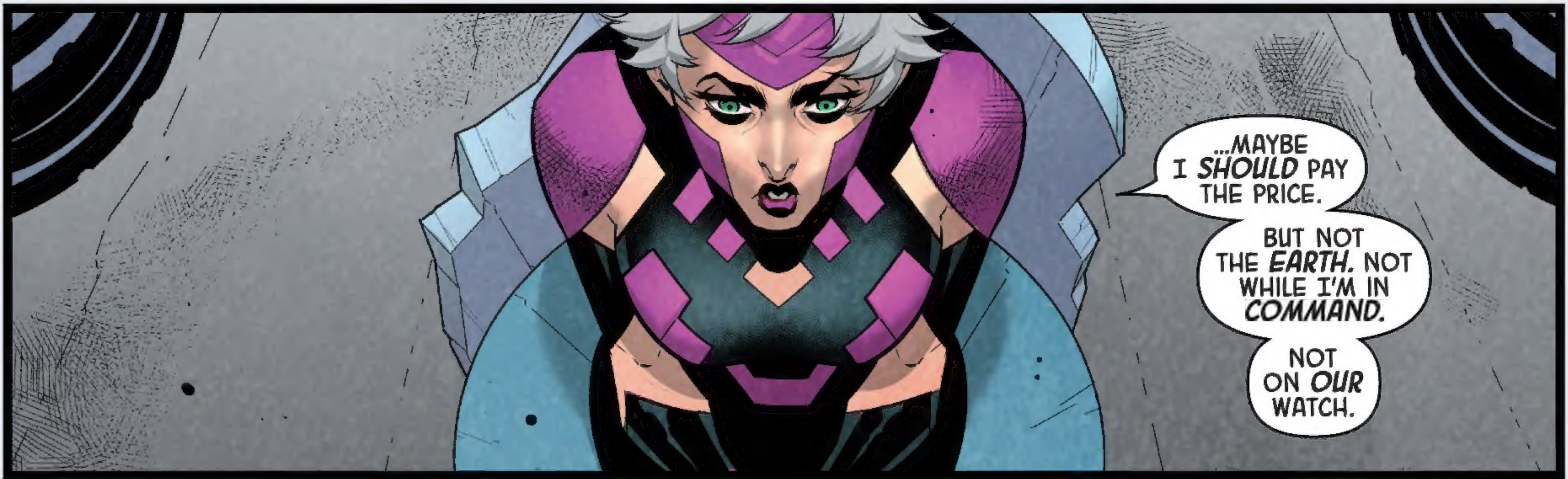
BUT FOR  
ME...IT'S JUST  
A ROCK.

MY HAIR  
IS GRAY, MY GIFT  
IS DEAD...MY HEART  
IS DEAD. A ROCK  
IN MY CHEST.

SO BE IT. I  
KILLED *TERRIGEN*.  
I CAUSED IT *ALL*. I  
GAVE THE ORDERS  
THAT LED US INTO  
HELL...

...THAT  
LED US TO  
DEATH...

MEDUSA.  
THE COMMANDER.



...MAYBE  
I *SHOULD* PAY  
THE PRICE.

BUT NOT  
THE *EARTH*. NOT  
WHILE I'M IN  
COMMAND.

NOT  
ON *OUR*  
WATCH.



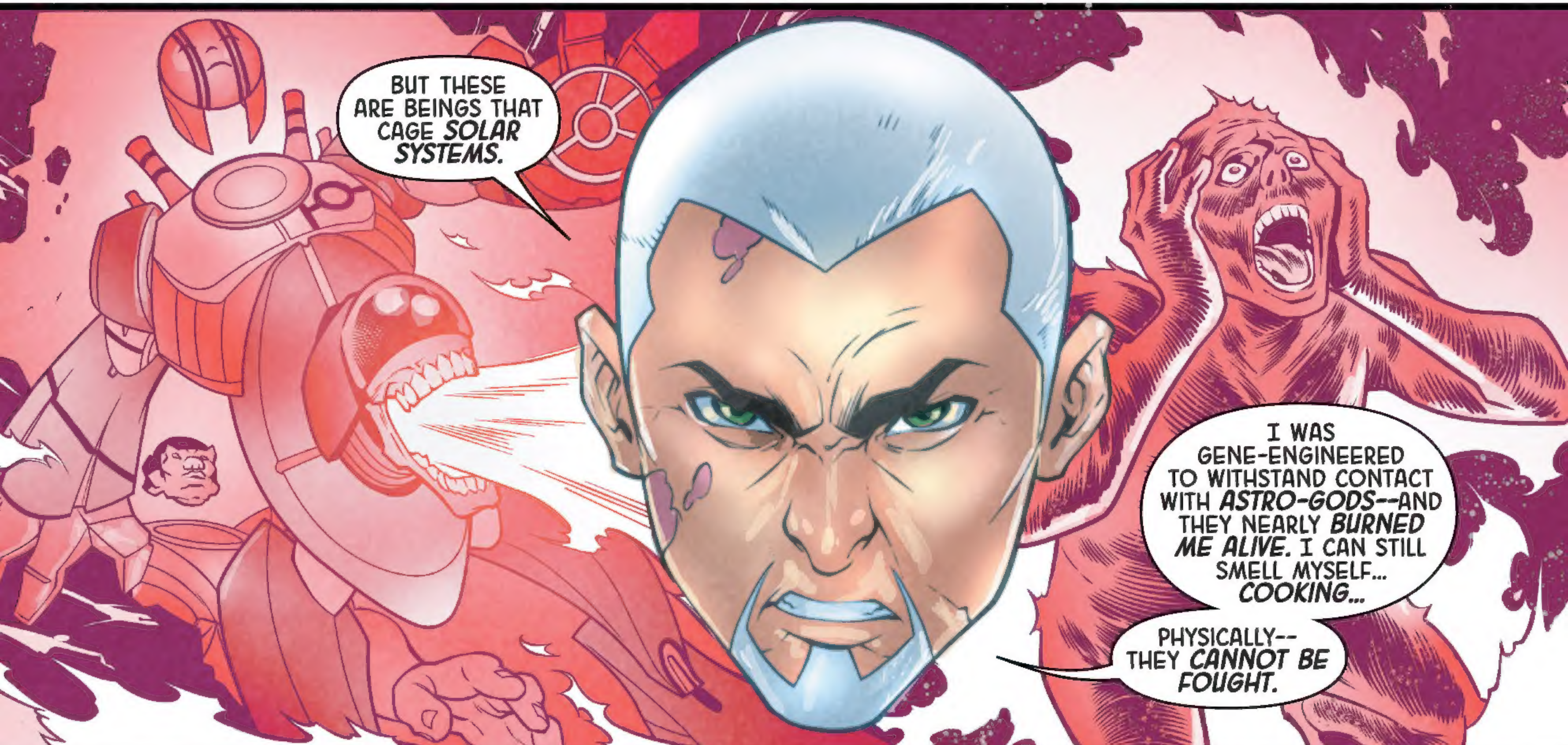
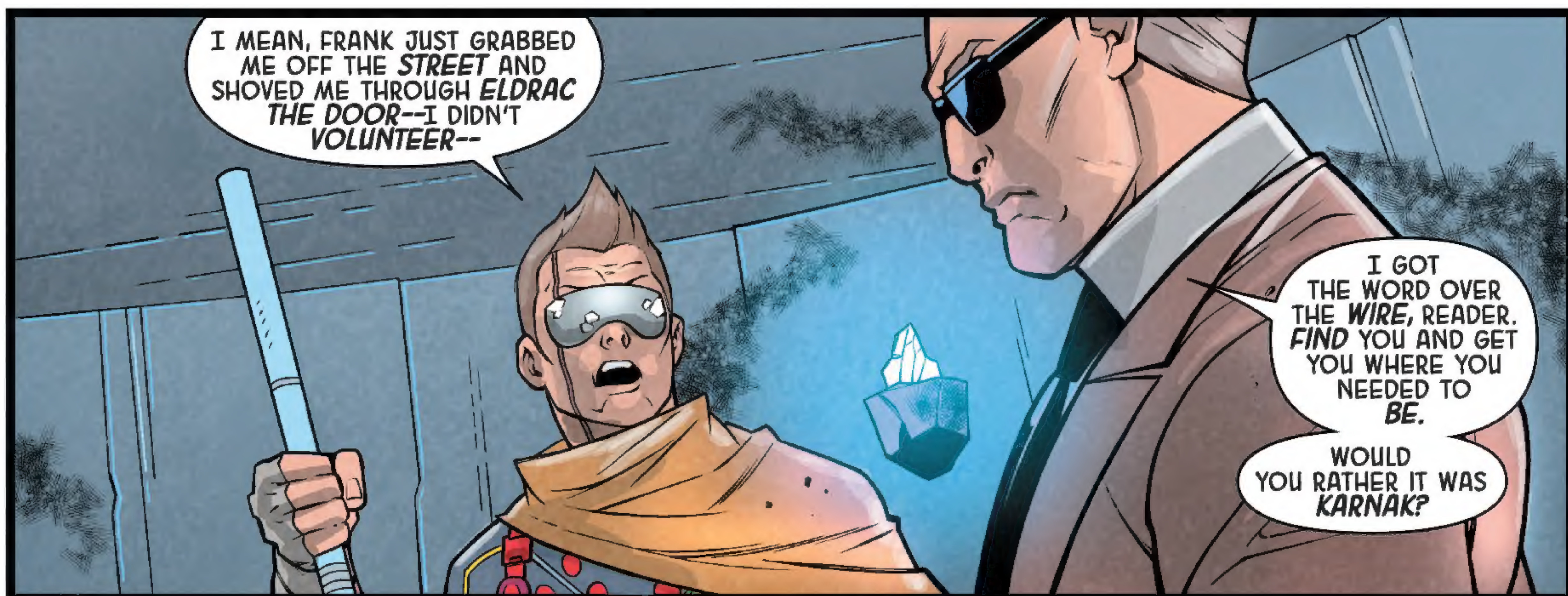
READER.  
WHAT HE  
READS, IS.

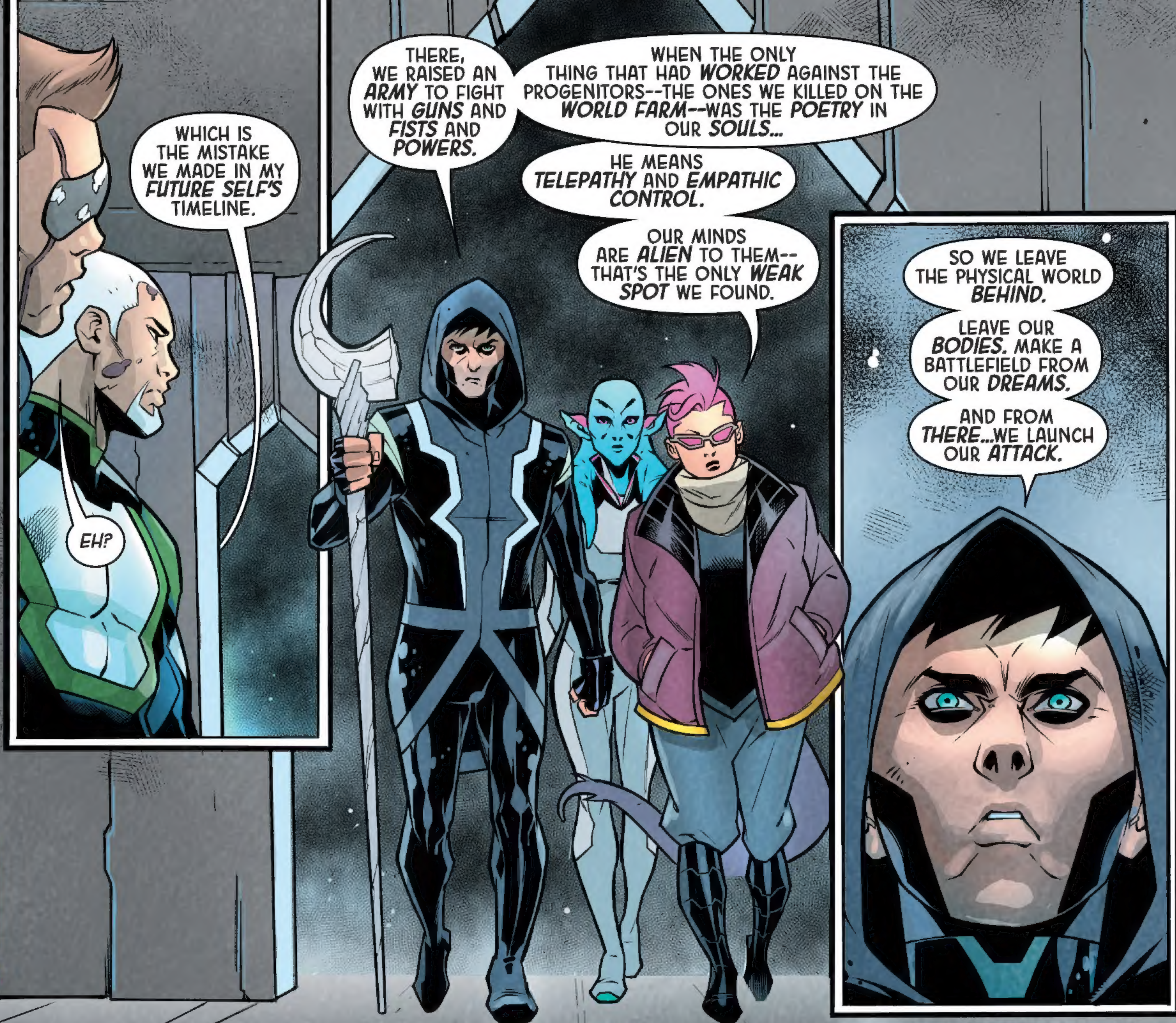
IT'S  
"OUR" WATCH  
NOW?

FRANK  
MCGEE.  
THE DETECTIVE.

CRYSTAL.  
ELEMENTAL.  
INJURED.

MARVEL BOY.  
MAN OF THE KREE.





WHICH IS THE MISTAKE WE MADE IN MY FUTURE SELF'S TIMELINE.

EH?

THERE, WE RAISED AN ARMY TO FIGHT WITH GUNS AND FISTS AND POWERS.

WHEN THE ONLY THING THAT HAD *WORKED* AGAINST THE PROGENITORS--THE ONES WE KILLED ON THE WORLD FARM--WAS THE POETRY IN OUR SOULS...

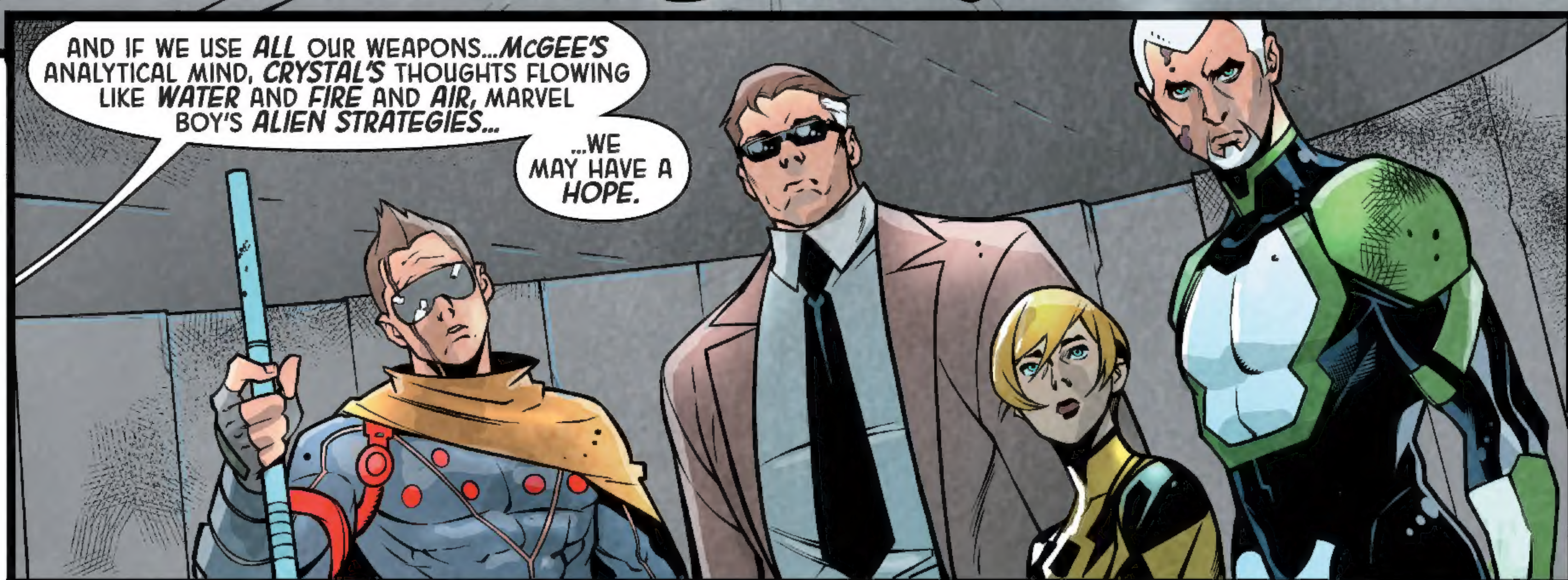
HE MEANS TELEPATHY AND EMPATHIC CONTROL.

OUR MINDS ARE *ALIEN* TO THEM--THAT'S THE ONLY *WEAK SPOT* WE FOUND.

SO WE LEAVE THE PHYSICAL WORLD *BEHIND*.

LEAVE OUR *BODIES*. MAKE A BATTLEFIELD FROM OUR *DREAMS*.

AND FROM *THERE*...WE LAUNCH OUR *ATTACK*.



AND IF WE USE *ALL* OUR WEAPONS...*McGEE'S* ANALYTICAL MIND, *CRYSTAL'S* THOUGHTS FLOWING LIKE *WATER* AND *FIRE* AND *AIR*, MARVEL BOY'S *ALIEN STRATEGIES*...

...WE MAY HAVE A *HOPE*.



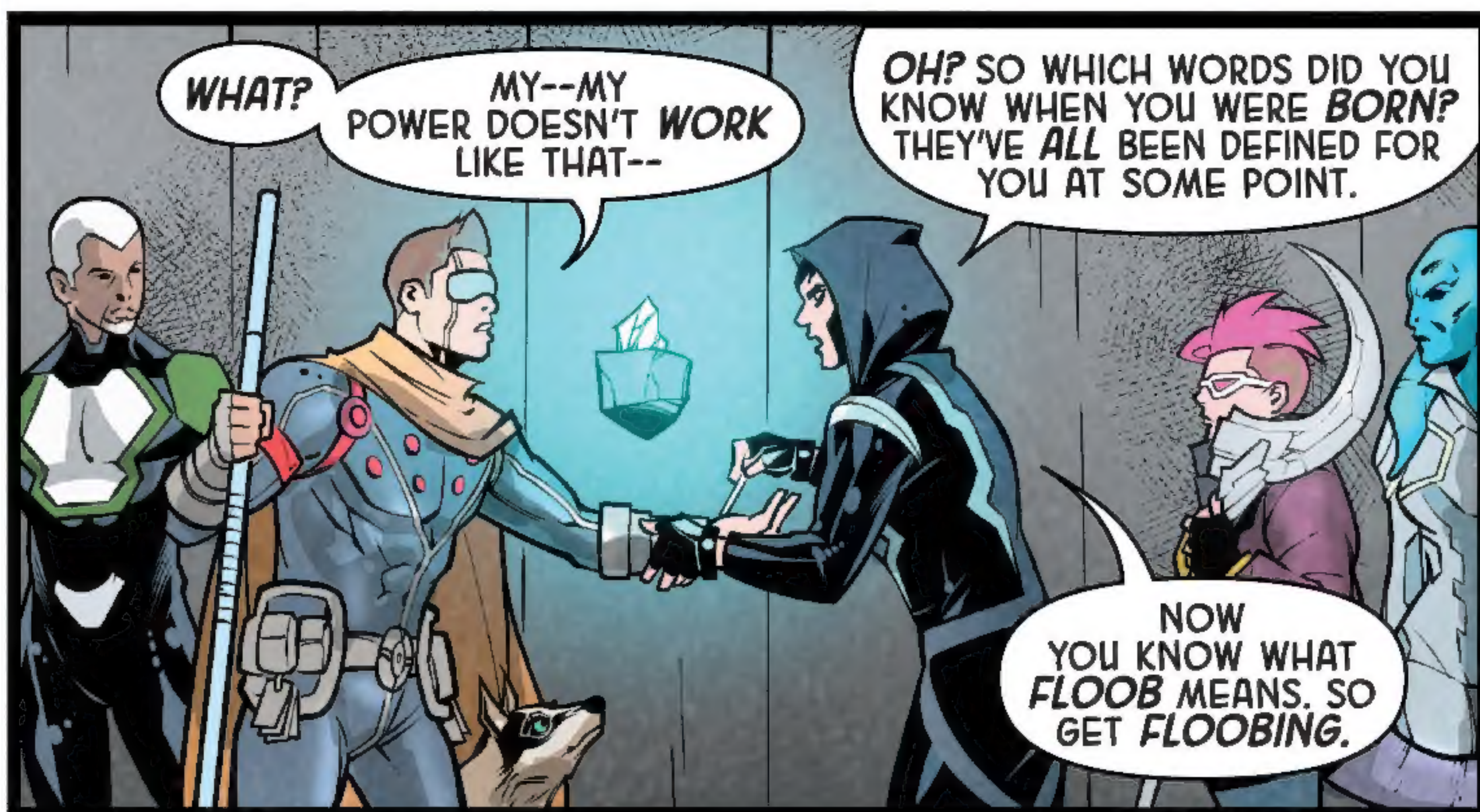
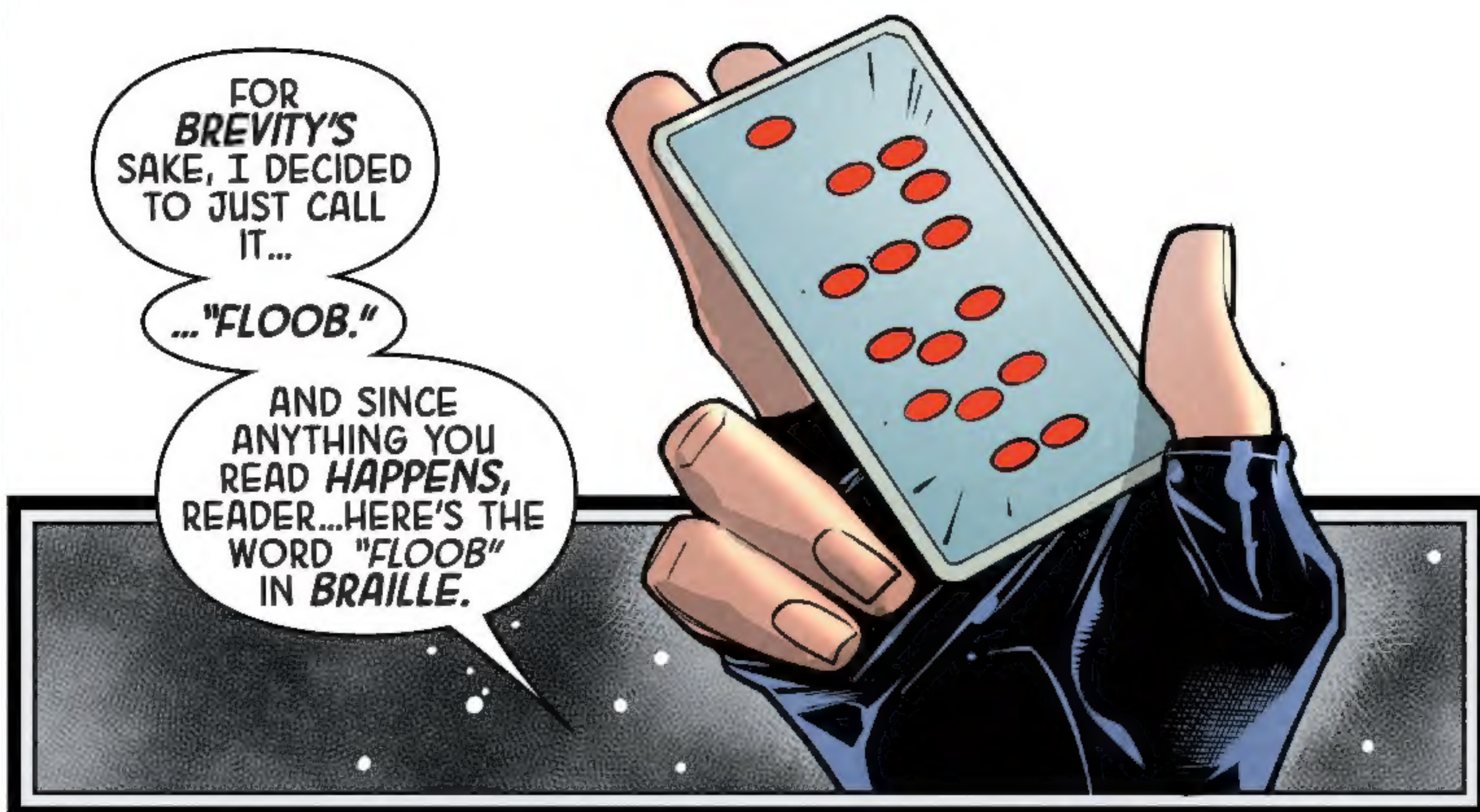
WAIT. SLOW DOWN. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE *ASTRAL PLANE*, RIGHT?

HOW ARE YOU EVEN GOING TO *GET* US THERE?

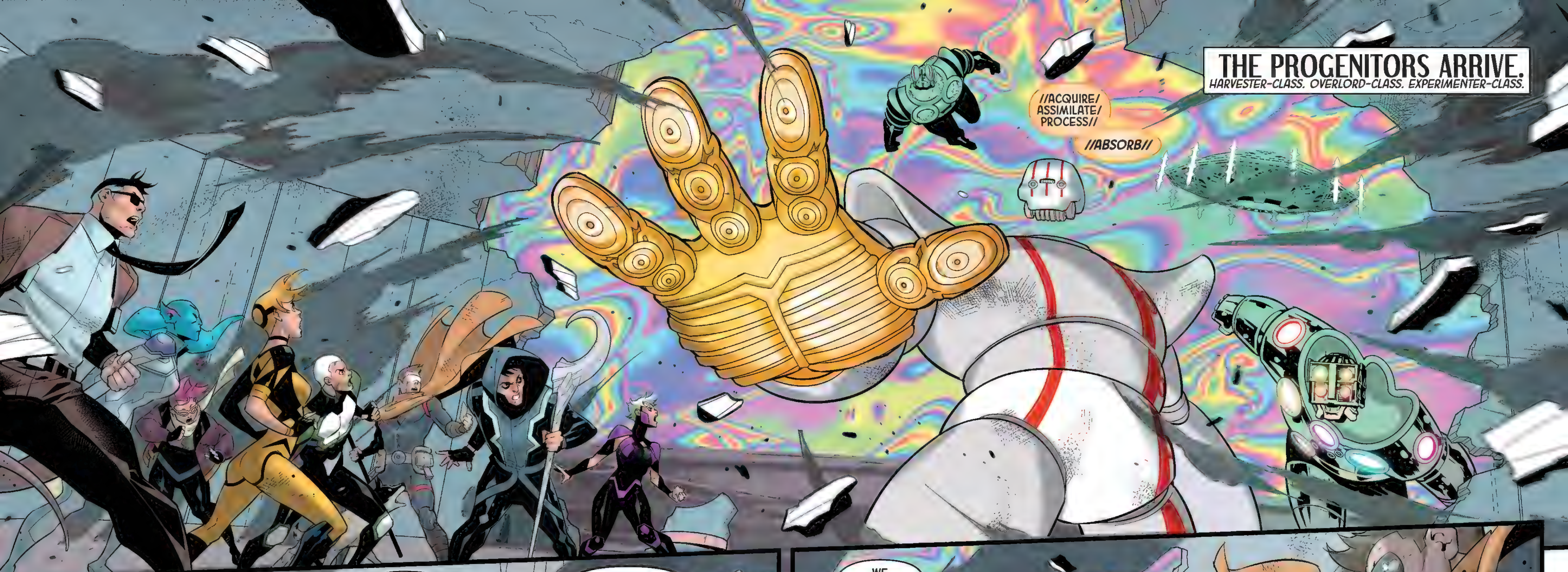


WELL, I'M *NOT*, OBVIOUSLY.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE *HERE*.



**THE PROGENITORS ARRIVE.**  
HARVESTER-CLASS. OVERLORD-CLASS. EXPERIMENTER-CLASS.



//ACQUIRE/  
ASSIMILATE/  
PROCESS//

//ABSORB//



WE  
DON'T GOT A  
MINUTE!

THAT WIND--

IT'S THEM!  
THEY'RE STRIPPING  
AWAY THE ARTIFICIAL  
ATMOSPHERE!

I--  
I CAN'T HOLD  
IT--



WE  
NEED TO ACT  
NOW!

READER--

I'M ON  
THE THIRD READ,  
I SAID! I CAN ONLY  
FLOOB ONE OF  
US--



TYPICAL  
SELF-LIMITING  
THINKING.

THE  
BEST CHOICE,  
THEN.  
THE ONE WITH  
THE STRONGEST  
WILL...



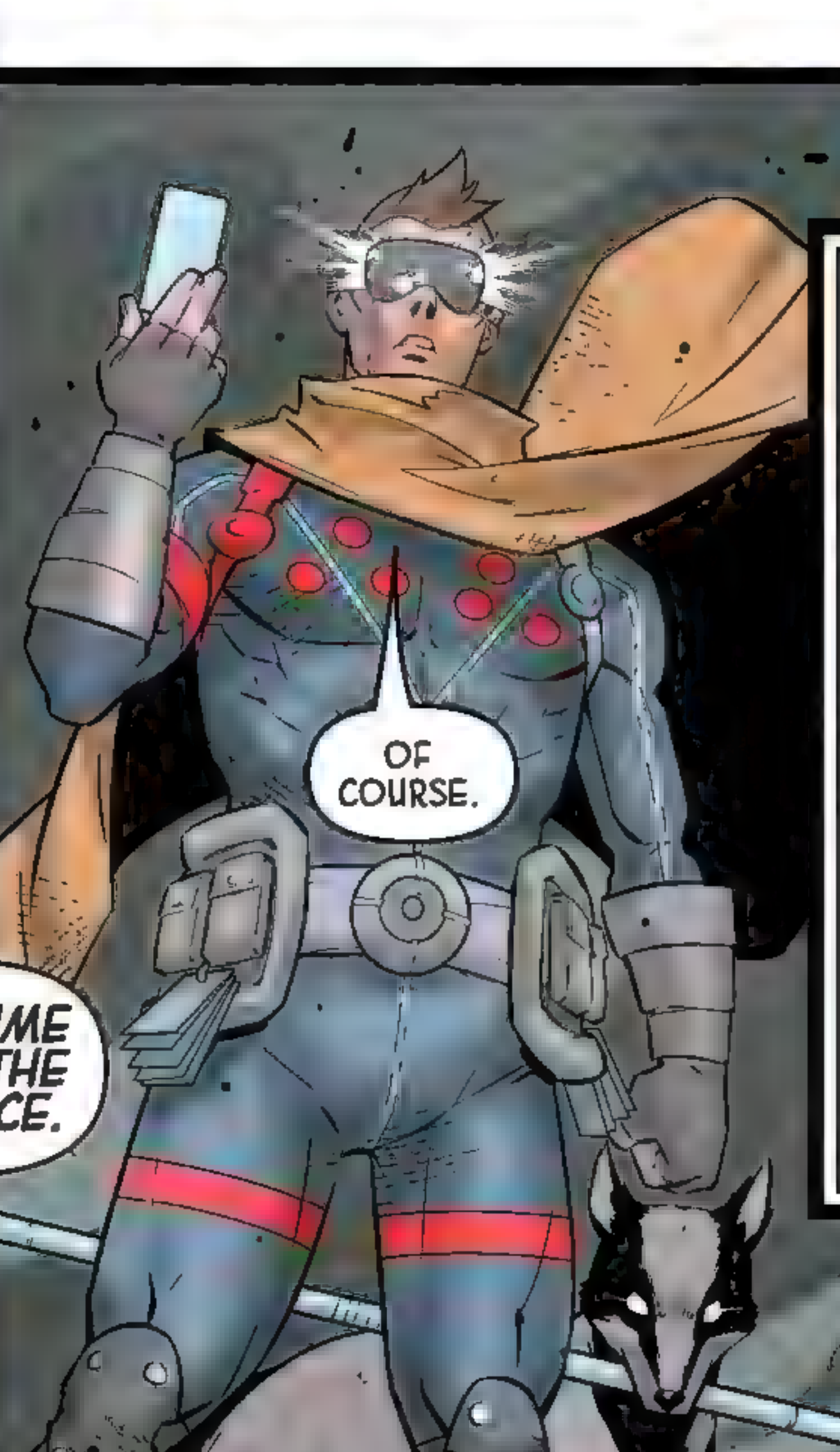
I'M  
READY--

NOT YOU,  
HEARTBREAK  
SQUADRON.



EXCUSE  
MY RUDENESS,  
READER...

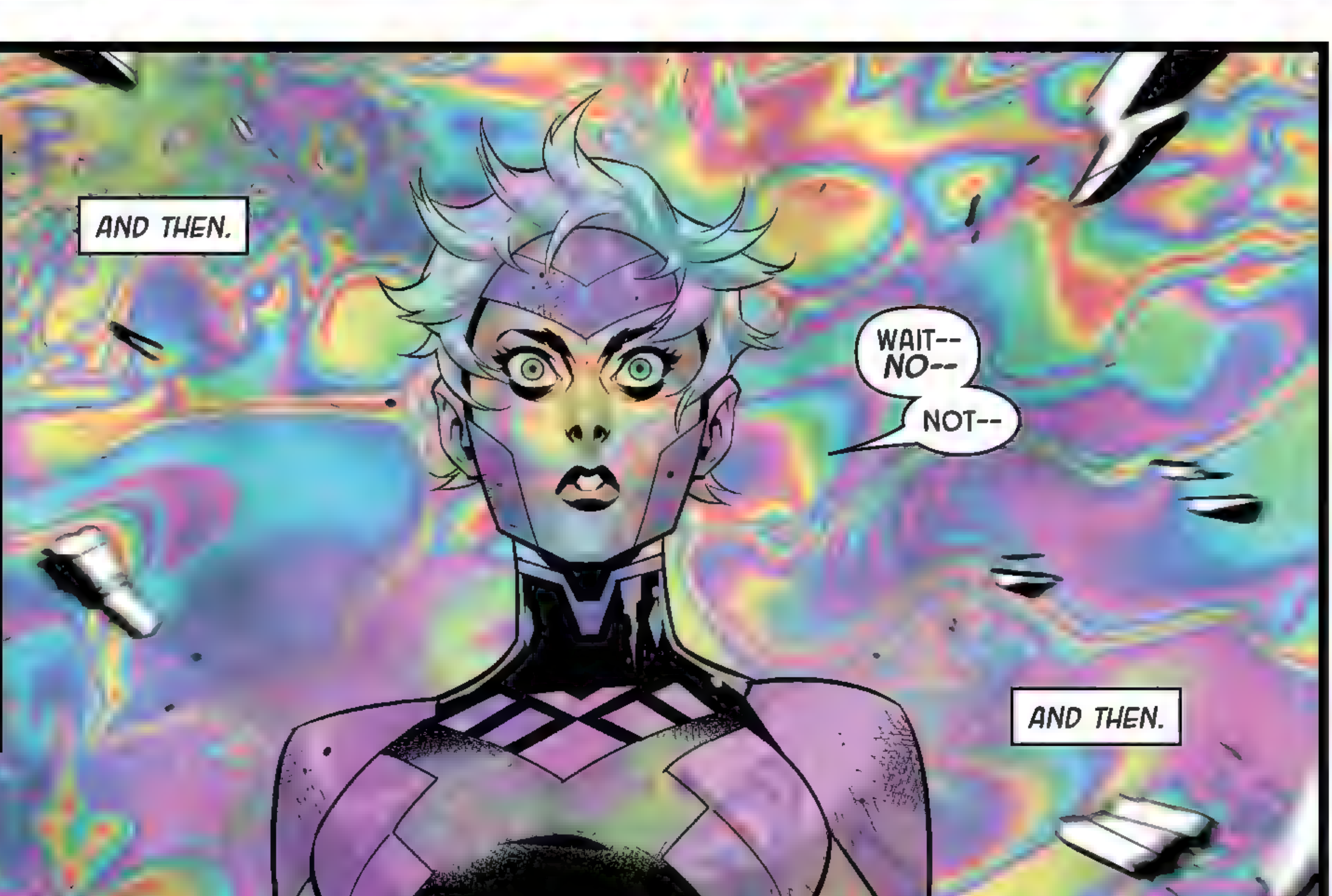
BUT TIME  
IS OF THE  
ESSENCE.



OF  
COURSE.



I  
OBEY.



AND THEN.

WAIT--  
NO--  
NOT--

AND THEN.

AND THEN  
MEDUSA  
WAKES UP.

THE AIR IS STILL  
AND THICK. THERE  
IS NO SUN.

GORGON'S FACE LOOKS  
UP FROM THE SAND,  
BROKEN AND LOST.  
BLACK BOLT'S LOOKS  
DOWN--COLD, DESPITE  
THE HEAT.

THIS IS NOT HER PLACE  
OF POWER. THERE IS NO  
THRONE UNDER HER, NO  
SHIP AND CREW AROUND  
HER. SHE IS ALONE.

ALONE AND OLD AND  
DYING. HER GIFT IS GONE.  
HER FRIEND AND LOVER  
IS DEAD.

HER HEART.

HER HEART  
IS A STONE.

HNN!

LIKE VINES, OR SNAKES.  
THEIR NATURE SHIFTS  
LIKE THOUGHT.

LIKE DESPAIR.

THIS WORLD HAS PREDATORS,  
THEN. DARK THINGS THAT FEED  
ON THE LOSS OF HOPE. AND  
THOUGH SHE TRIES TO HOPE...  
TRIES TO FIGHT...

...HER HEART  
IS DEAD.

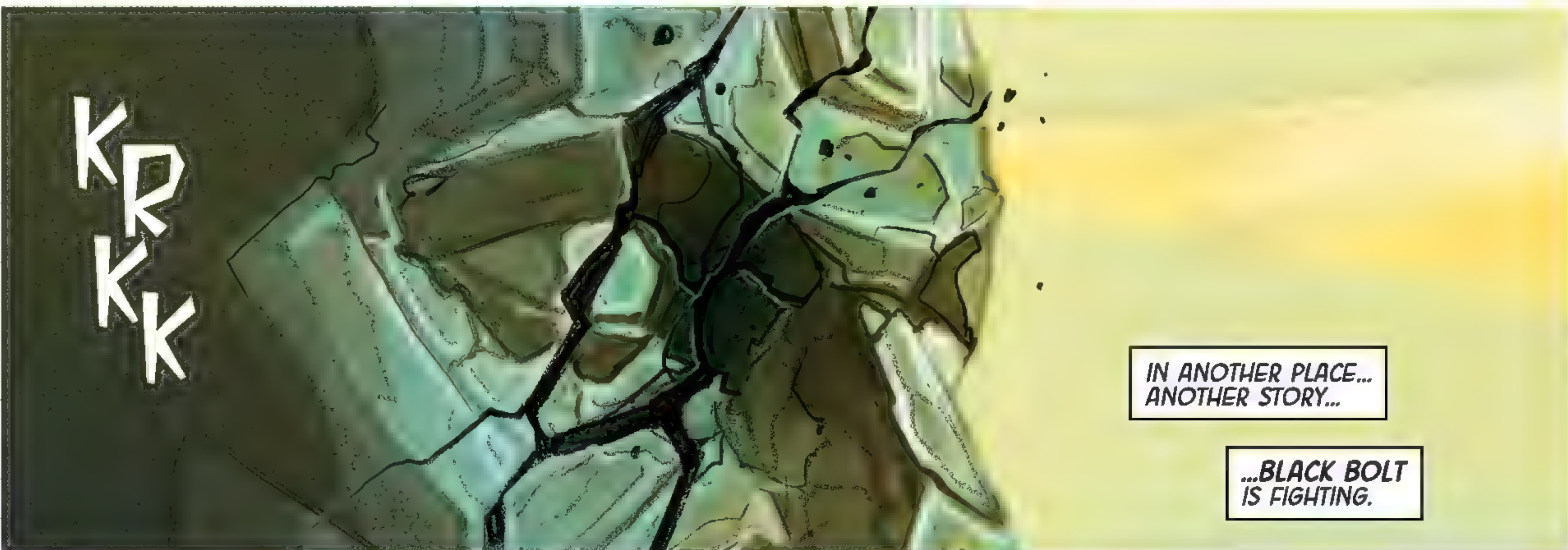
AND SHE  
IS ALONE.

WHO COULD  
SHE TURN TO?



KR  
K

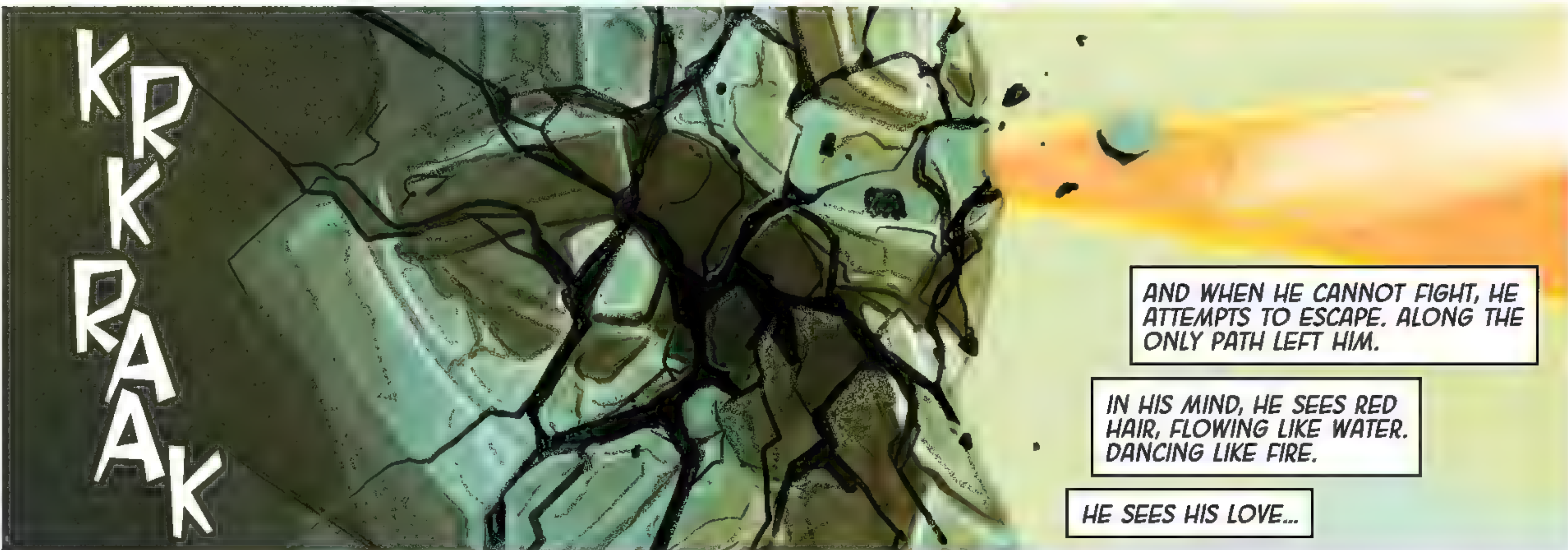
WHO IS AS LOST?



KR  
K  
K

IN ANOTHER PLACE...  
ANOTHER STORY...

...BLACK BOLT  
IS FIGHTING.

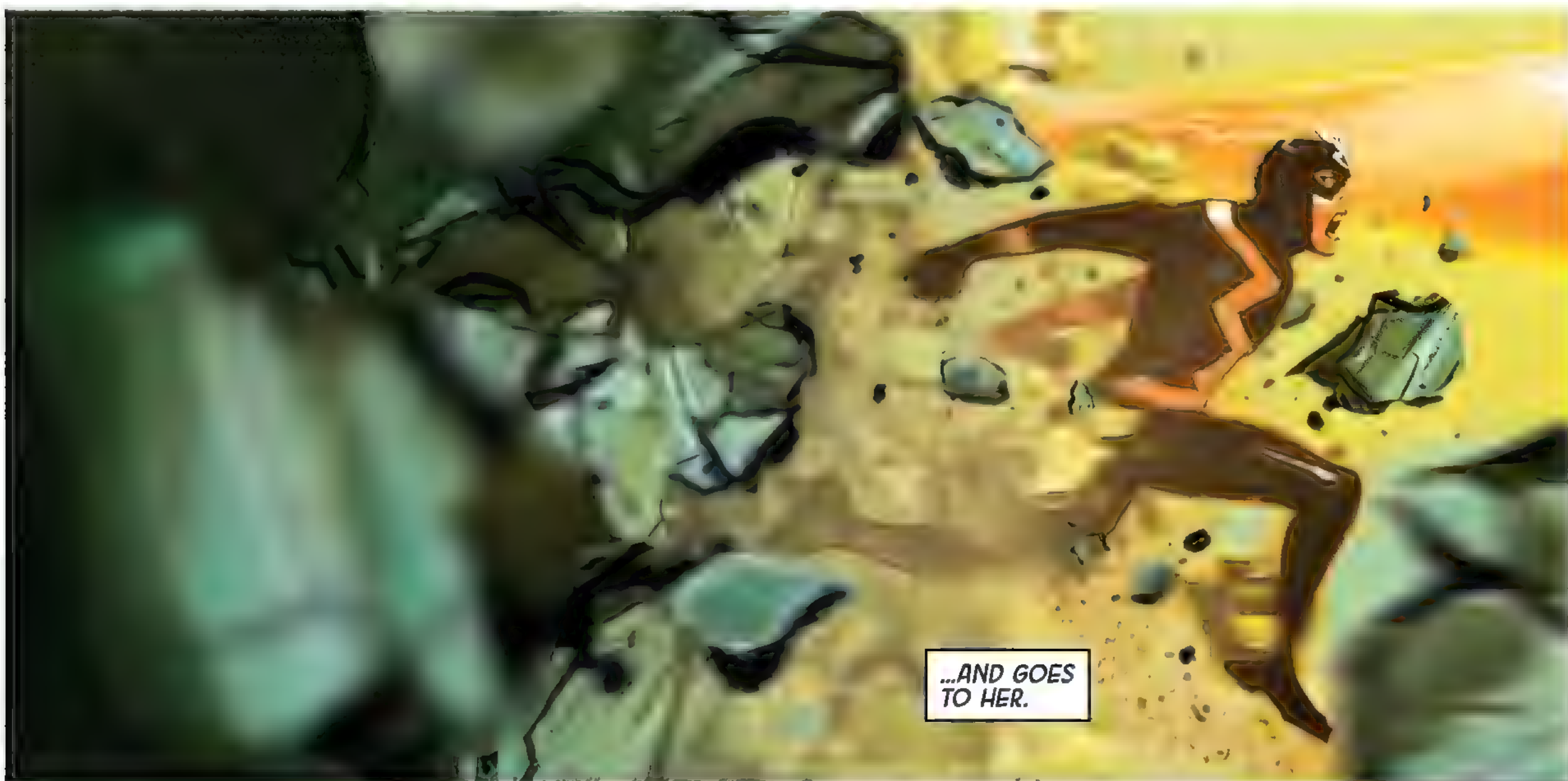


KR  
K  
RA  
AK

AND WHEN HE CANNOT FIGHT, HE  
ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE. ALONG THE  
ONLY PATH LEFT HIM.

IN HIS MIND, HE SEES RED  
HAIR, FLOWING LIKE WATER.  
DANCING LIKE FIRE.

HE SEES HIS LOVE...



...AND GOES  
TO HER.



BLACKAGAR...?

HE ACTS WITHOUT THINKING.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT WORKS.



OR MAYBE IT'S SIMPLY EASIER TO FIGHT ANOTHER'S DARKNESS...

...AND FLEE HIS OWN.

THE BATTLE ENDS QUICKLY.



BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG.

BLACK BOLT?  
IS THAT YOU?

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HIS QUEEN.



IT'S AS IF SHE'S AGED YEARS. WHAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE HE LAST SAW HER?

WHAT HELL HAS SHE GONE THROUGH?



HE CANNOT MASK HIS CONCERN.

I...WE...



WE CAN'T STAY HERE.

COME ON IF YOU'RE COMING.

BLACK BOLT FINDS HE CANNOT FLY. NOT HERE.

SO THEY WALK.

FOR A THOUSAND MILES, THEY WALK.  
FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS, THEY WALK.

...THEY LEAN ON EACH OTHER.

AND THE SILENCE BECOMES FAMILIAR...

THEY WALK IN SILENCE. AND WHEN THEIR FEET BLISTER AND THEIR LEGS TIRE...

...UNTIL IT BREAKS.

CREEL.

HE DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD SPEAK IN THIS PLACE. BUT HE SPEAKS...

...AND SHE HEARS THE MEANING IN IT.

HE WAS IMPORTANT TO YOU?

HE... WAS A FRIEND. I TOOK HIS CONFESSION. HEARD HIS LIFE.

AND THEN... THEN I LEFT HIM TO DIE. AND HE FORGAVE ME.

IN THE END, HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US ALL...

...NO.

I... I TOOK HIS LIFE.

TO SAVE US ALL.\*

MEDUSA?

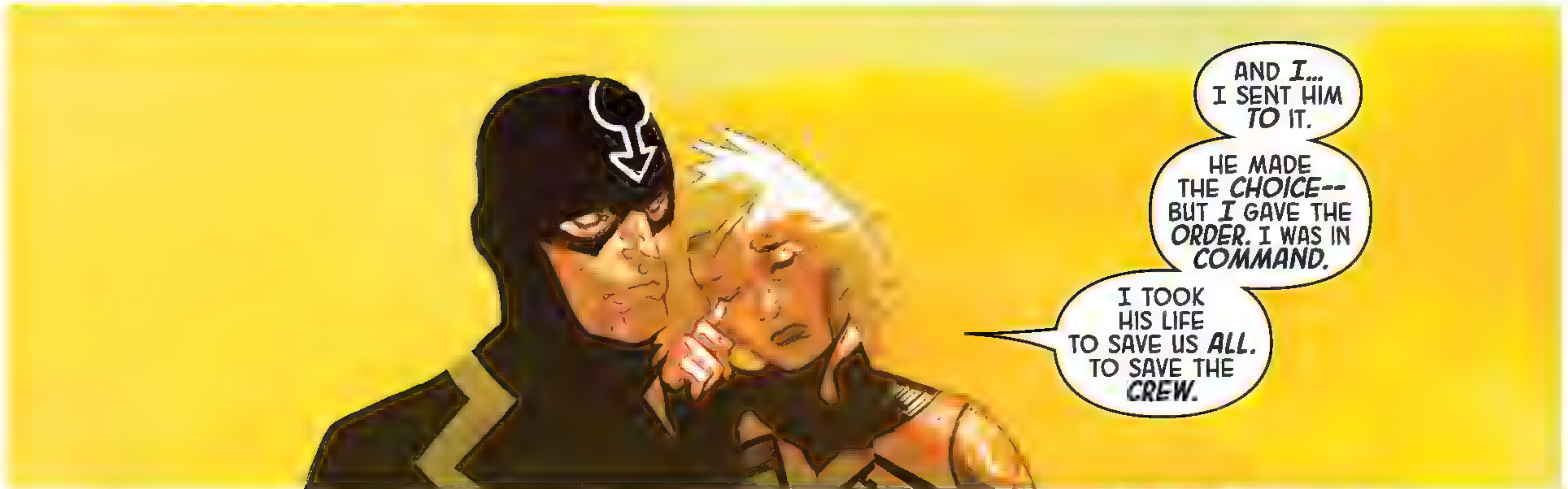
YOU SAW IT. THE OTHER STATUE BACK THERE.

YOU KNOW WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED.

\*SEE BLACK BOLT VOL. 1: HARD TIME. --SARAH & WIL



GORGON'S DEAD.



AND I...  
I SENT HIM  
TO IT.

HE MADE  
THE **CHOICE**--  
BUT I GAVE THE  
ORDER. I WAS IN  
COMMAND.

I TOOK  
HIS LIFE  
TO SAVE US **ALL**.  
TO SAVE THE  
**CREW**.



IT  
WAS MY  
DUTY.  
OUR  
DUTY...

HE HEARS  
SOMETHING IN  
HER VOICE, AS  
SHE SAYS IT.

DEEPER THAN  
EVEN THAT  
SORROW.



AND HE HATES  
HIMSELF FOR  
HAVING TO  
KNOW.



DID YOU...  
DID YOU LOVE  
HIM?



...  
YES.



HE WAS MY FRIEND SINCE WE WERE CHILDREN.

MY ROCK IN THE STORM.



IN HIS ARMS, I COULD LAUGH. I COULD *BREATHE*. WE COULD FORGET OUR HURTS.

AND IF WE'D HAD MORE *TIME*...



...PERHAPS WE'D HAVE SPOKEN THE *WORD*.

DEFINED WHAT WE FELT. BUILT *STRUCTURE* AROUND IT.

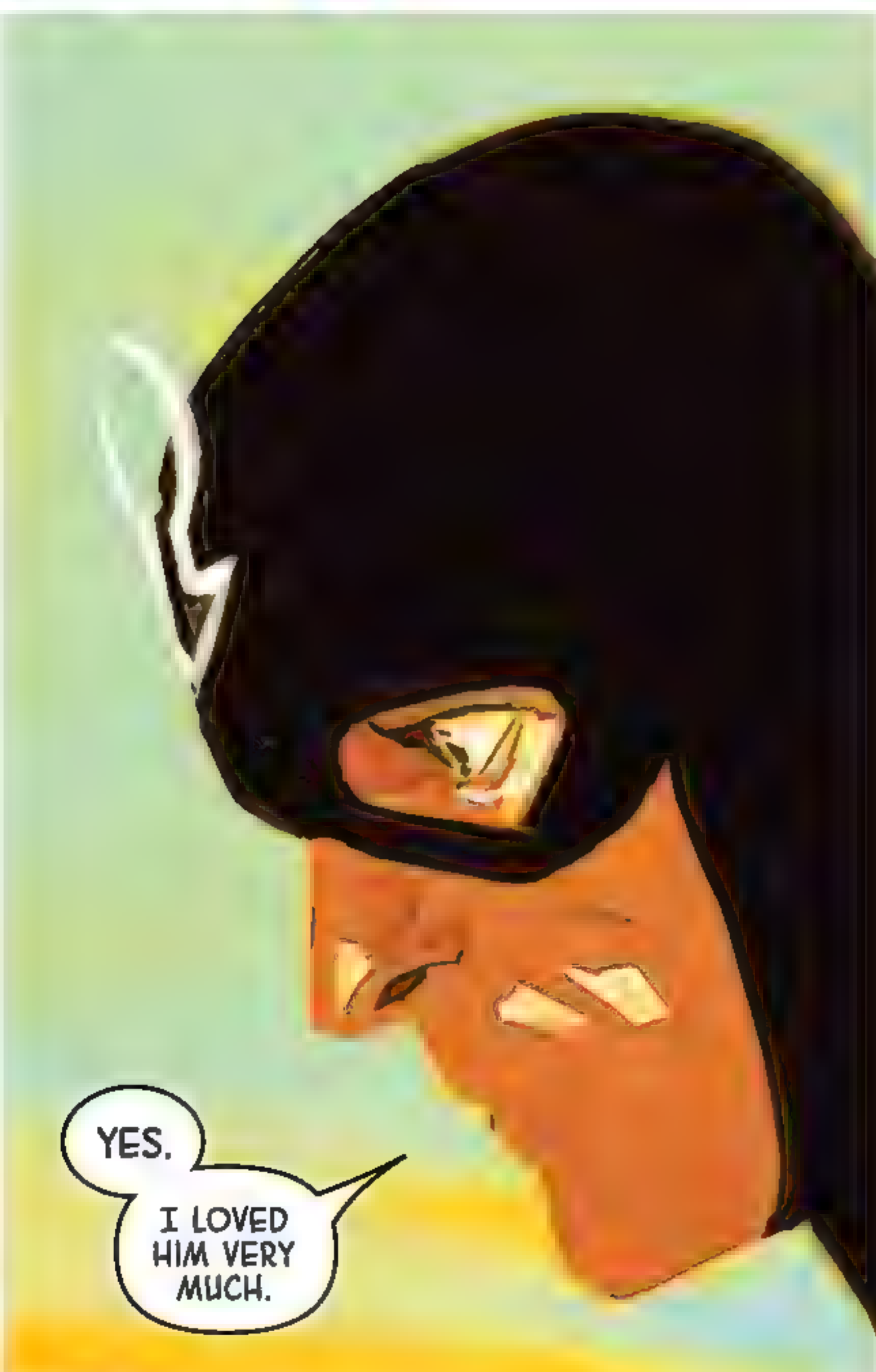
LIKE HUMANS DO.



YES. YES, I LOVED HIM.  
OF COURSE I LOVED HIM.



DIDN'T YOU?



YES.  
I LOVED HIM VERY MUCH.



BE SILENT NOW, HE THINKS.

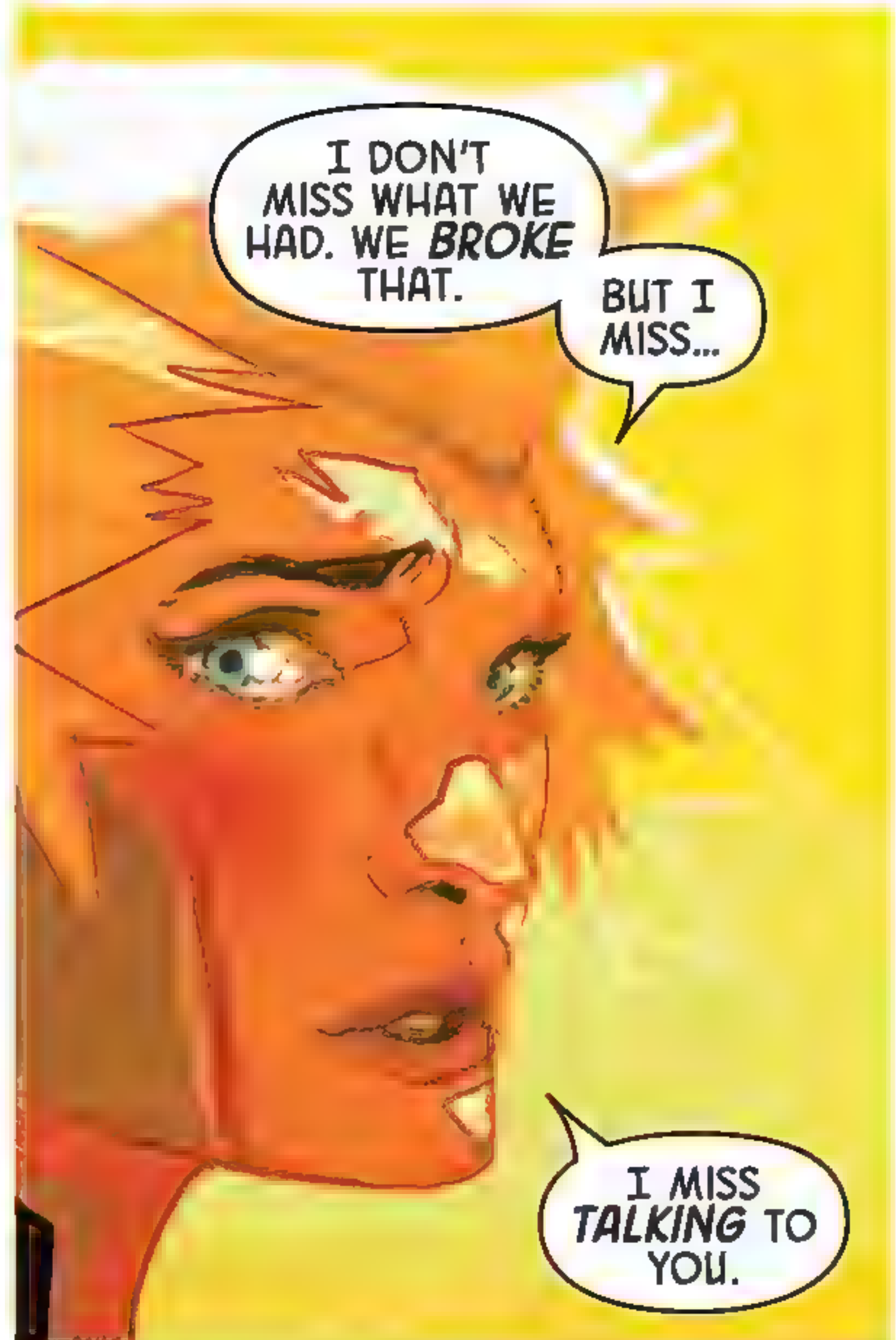
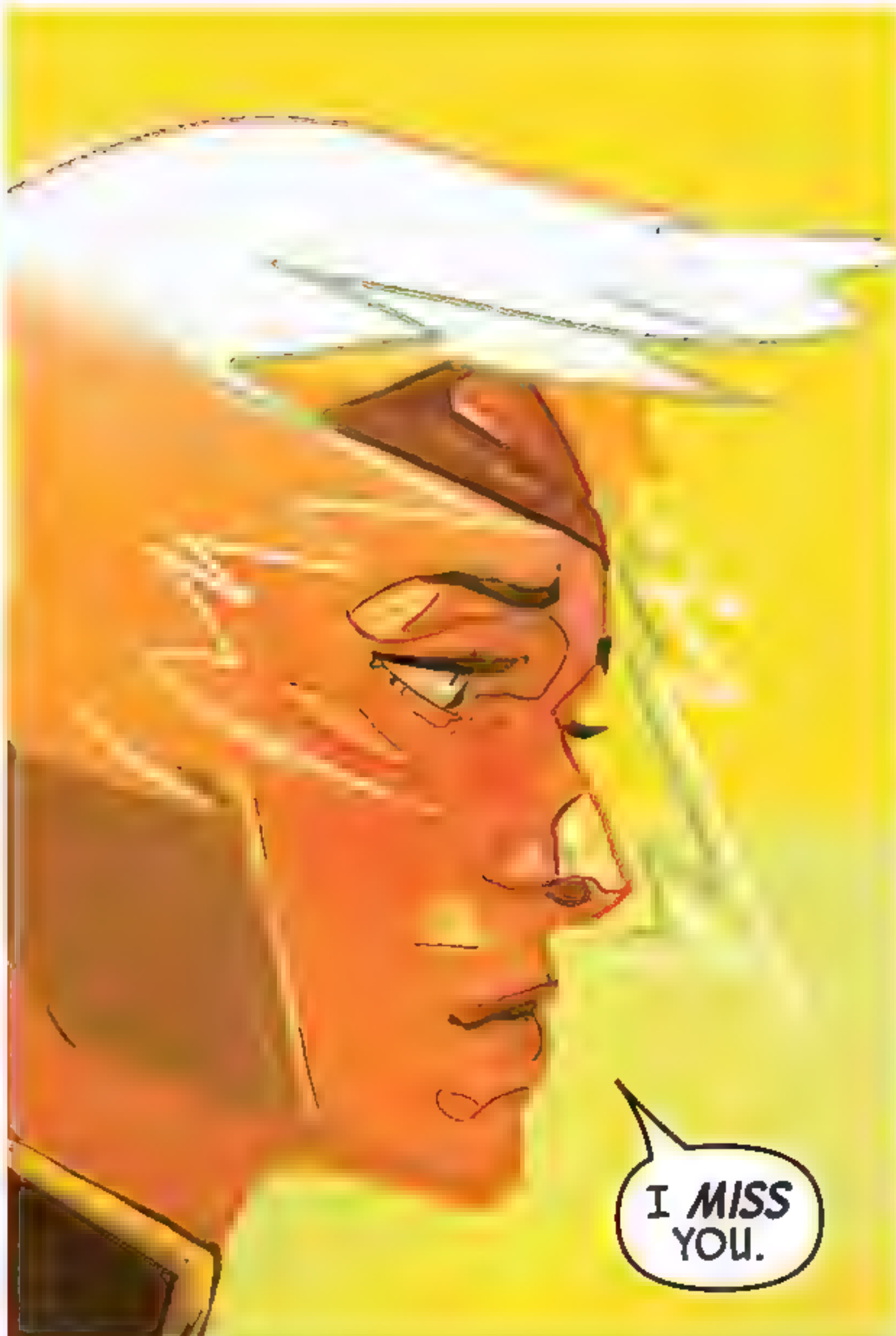
BE SILENT, SILENT KING.

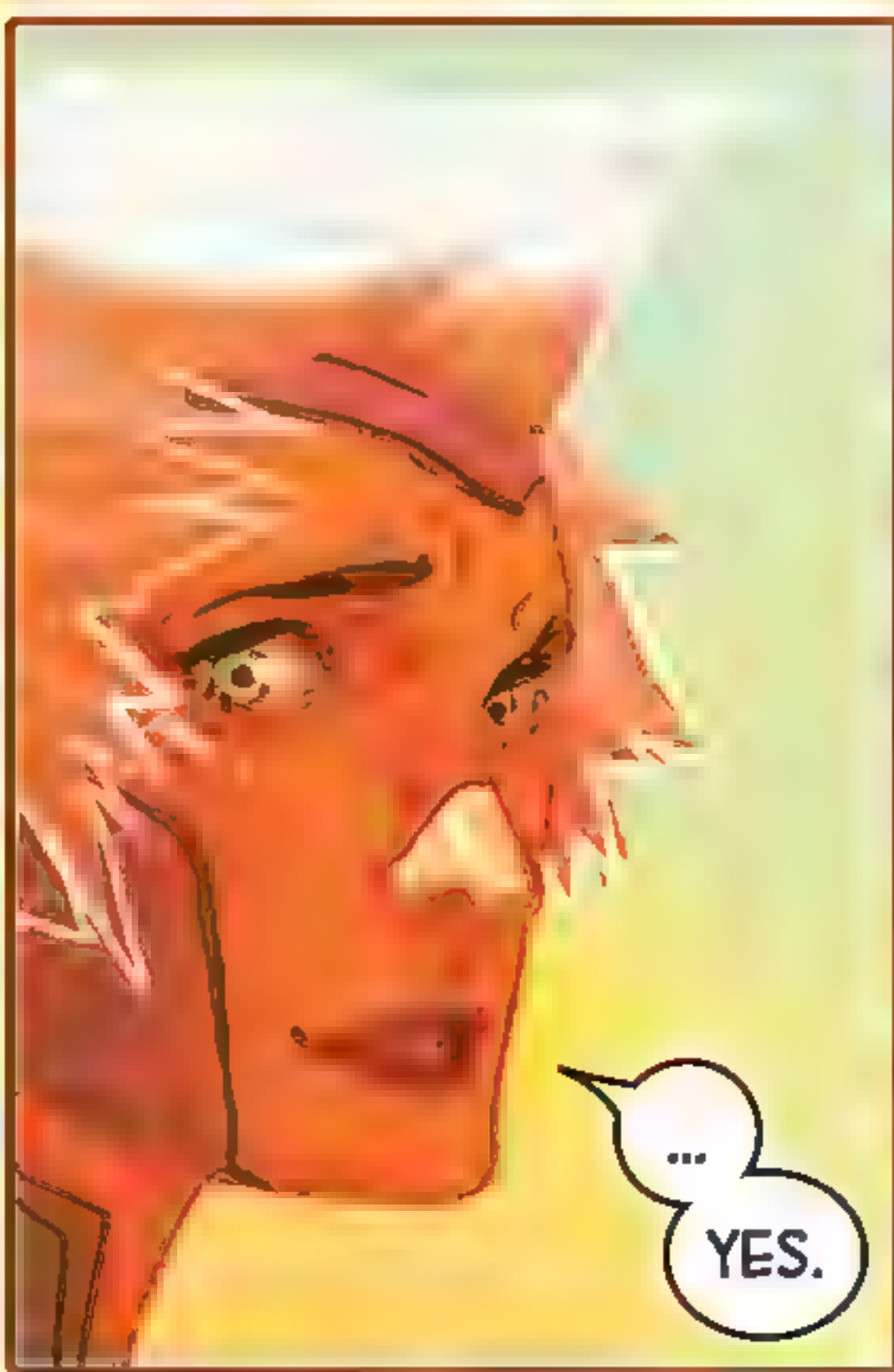
DONT.

MEDUSA.



DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?





THESE ARE THE MOMENTS.

RRUMMBLE

THESE ARE THE MOMENTS THAT MAKE US STRONG.

STRONG ENOUGH.

//MENTAL INTRUSION DETECTED//

//THREAT DETECTED//

STRONG ENOUGH TO BE NOTICED.

//ACQUIRE//

//ABSORB//



THERE IS ANOTHER  
REALITY IN THE PIT.

THE COLD, EMOTIONLESS  
REALITY OF THE PROGENITORS.

IT EXERTS  
GRAVITY.

IT WANTS THEM  
BOTH.

AND IT WILL  
CLAIM THEM.

MEDUSA!

IT WILL REMOVE THEIR HUMANITY  
AND THEIR COMPLEXITY. IT WILL  
MAKE THEM COGS IN AN ENDLESS  
MACHINE.

IT WILL CRUSH THEM  
INTO SOMETHING  
SMALL ENOUGH FOR  
IT TO UNDERSTAND.

GIVE  
ME YOUR  
HAND!

I...  
I  
CAN'T...

BARRING A  
MIRACLE.

...THERE'S  
ALREADY  
SOMETHING  
IN IT.

BARRING THE  
MIRACLE THEY  
ALWAYS HELD  
WITH THEM.

THAT...

IT IS NOT  
TERRIGEN.

BLACK BOLT KNOWS, WITH  
THE CERTAINTY OF SOMETHING  
LONG FORGOTTEN UNTIL JUST  
THIS MOMENT.

THIS IS NOT WHAT GAVE THE  
INHUMANS THEIR POWERS.  
THAT WAS AN ILLUSION ON  
A CAVE WALL. A SHADOW.

THIS IS THE LIGHT.  
THIS IS SALVATION.

THIS IS THE FUTURE.

IF THEY CAN ONLY ACCEPT IT.

IT...  
IT  
DOESN'T WORK  
ON ME...

I CHASED  
THE STARS FOR IT. I  
IGNORED MY PEOPLE  
FOR IT. I BROUGHT  
DOOM TO US  
ALL.

I KILLED  
GORGON.

IT CANT  
WORK ON  
ME...

MEDUSA--  
LISTEN TO  
ME--

HE TRIES TO SPEAK,  
TO FIND THE WORDS.

TO FIGHT THE  
DARKNESS.

BUT...HE HAS HIS OWN  
DARKNESS TO FACE.

IT HAS FOUND  
HIM AGAIN.

WHERE  
ARE YOU, BLACK  
BOLT?

AND SUDDENLY,  
HE HAS NO VOICE.



DID  
YOU GO *AWAY*?  
DID YOU *ESCAPE*  
SOMEWHERE? THAT  
*POWERFUL* MIND  
OF YOURS...

...ONLY SO  
POWERFUL. COME  
*BACK* TO ME NOW.  
THERE'S A GOOD  
KING.

COME  
BACK TO YOUR  
*TORTURE*...

NO VOICE  
TO SCREAM.

BLACKAGAR?

BLACKAGAR!

//ABSORB//  
//PROCESS//

NOT NOW,  
YOU STUPID  
MACHINE!

BLACK  
BOLT--

--I'M  
COMING!  
AND I WILL  
FIND YOU!

I  
WILL FIND  
YOU!

NO  
MATTER WHAT  
STANDS IN  
THE WAY!

DO  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

AND SOME PART  
OF HIM DOES.

SOME PART OF  
HIM KNOWS...

...THAT HIS QUEEN  
HAS RETURNED TO  
LIFE.



TWENTY SECONDS AFTER ARRIVAL.

I WILL  
FIND--

--YOU.

WHAT...WHAT  
JUST...

YOUR EYES  
ROLLED BACK IN  
YOUR **HEAD** FOR FIVE  
SECONDS, YOUR  
MAJESTY...

...AND  
THEN **THIS**  
HAPPENED.

AH.

AND THEN  
**THAT** HAPPENED.  
TAKE A LOOK.

MY GUESS IS  
THEY MADE AN  
ATTEMPT TO ABSORB  
YOUR **MIND** INTO  
THEIR COLLECTIVE  
CONSCIOUSNESS...

LET ME  
GUESS--YOU BROKE  
THROUGH A **MENTAL**  
**BLOCK** OR TWO  
WHILE YOU WERE  
IN THERE?

FUNNY--I  
COULD **SWEAR**  
I CAUGHT A FLASH  
OF YOUR **HUSBAND**  
SOMEWHERE IN  
THE **ASTRAL**  
MIX...

...RIGHT WHEN  
THE **PRIMAGEN**  
FINALLY STARTED  
**WORKING** ON YOU. IT  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
LIKE SWALLOWING  
A **BOMB**.

HE'S **NOT**  
MY HUSBAND,  
MAXIMUS.

SOME  
THINGS...



...SOME  
THINGS CAN'T  
BE DEFINED IN  
ONE WORD.



I CAN RELY  
ON HIM. THAT'S WHAT  
MATTERS.

AND HE  
CAN RELY ON  
ME.

WE'RE  
BRINGING HIM  
HOME.

**EPILOGUE.**  
THE WORLD FARM.

//EMERGENCY//

**THE SHATTERED  
REMAINS OF  
THE CITY-MIND.**

//EMERGENCY//

//EMERGENCY//

//LOCATION?//

//TEST-BED 7C3/  
KREE-SECONDARY/  
"EARTH"//

//OVERLORD  
PROTOCOL FAILURE/  
CATASTROPHIC ERROR/  
MAXIMUM  
DISRUPTION//

//"DEATH"//

//TEST-BED  
7C3/NEW  
PROTOCOL?//

//NEW  
PROTOCOL/END  
CONTACT/AVOID  
THREAT//

//AVOID  
THREAT//

AVOID THE  
THREAT? SMART  
THINKING.

JUST ONE  
SMALL PROBLEM...  
THE **THREAT** IS  
HERE.



**THE  
THREAT  
LIVES!**

**FORWARD.**

## NEXT FOR THE INHUMANS:

For Black Bolt's version of his reunion with Medusa on the Astral Plane, and to learn who his mysterious torturer is, don't miss **BLACK BOLT #10**, on sale February 7th! And to see if Medusa is able to deliver on her promise to bring Black Bolt home, make sure to pick up **BLACK BOLT #12**, on sale April 4th!



And starting next month, everyone's favorite Inhuman – Lockjaw! – is starring in his own miniseries! In this new four-part story, written by Daniel Kibblesmith and drawn by Carlos Villa, Lockjaw learns that his long-lost litter mates are in danger, so he goes on a quest that will take him from the streets of Brooklyn to the jungles of the Savage Land to the far corners of the Marvel Universe! But wait – Lockjaw has brothers and sisters? Can they teleport? Are they Inhuman? Can they possibly be as gosh-darned cute as their big brother? Find out starting with **LOCKJAW #1**, on sale February 28th!



